

Schatzi's Design Gallery & Day Spa, LLC, (919) 844-1933 or (919) 844-2867

Community Events

The NCSU Africana Studies Program is co-sponsoring the Living Legends Lecture series with the African American Cultural Center on Tuesday, October 4, 6:00 - 7:30, by welcoming Herman Ferguson. An activist in his own right, Ferguson worked with Malcolm X in his Organization of Afro-American Unity and witnessed his assassination in Harlem's Audubon Ballroom on February 21, 1965. Ferguson will be joined by his wife, Iyalua Ferguson, author of *An Unlikely Warrior: The Evolution of a Revolutionary*. The lecture is also co-sponsored by the Office of Institutional Equity and Diversity, the Department of History, the School of Public and International Affairs, and WADU.

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Mountain Memories

Well, fall has finally arrived. The summer of 2011 has been memorable for me so I will reflect on it fondly. One of those fond memories was of a Girl's Labor Day Retreat that I attended with four other ladies in the beautiful Appalachian Mountains. Some of us were meeting for the first time. Others were



established friends. In all, the group had a wonderful chemistry. It just happened to be poetic that we were all natural sisters. That truth boded well for us as it rained a considerable amount that week-end. In fact with the remnants of a hurricane scheduled to barrel through Sunday and Monday, we cut our week-end short by one day but not without having enjoyed ourselves tremendously! In all, we ate well, walked a lot and mainly enjoyed each other's company. Many of the photos in this issue are courtesy of Meiko, who definitely has an eye for Nature. The pictures don't begin to capture the mood of the retreat but they are beautiful.

Within the salon, we're featuring **Mother/Daughter Mondays** for the month of October. The details regarding this special are located on Page 8 of this newsletter. Also as you are reading this newsletter, you have probably noticed that we got a face lift last month—meaning we updated our website. After five years, it was time for a change. Besides, I was driving myself crazy trying to find past newsletters on the old site! Sorting was just not an option. Thank God for small favors! We hope you like the new set-up. I was a brutal task master for the web designer. I almost felt sorry for him. But, the early draft really was just NOT going to fly. But when called to task, I think he rose to the occasion

Support Kim's Kidney Fund

Note from Schatzi: Many of you will spend the coming holiday months enjoying the festive season. As you consider charitable causes for which to make your contributions, please consider the gift of life. It is the most valuable gift of all...

Kim Burwell is a 38 year old sister from Warren County, NC. She befriends everyone she meets, especially children and seniors. As a student, she has participated in everything from cheerleading at Pee Wee Football games to playing the clarinet in the band, church youth groups, Civil Rights and Environmental

Justice Movements. Always an active young lady, she still volunteers and organizes for several non-profit organizations and political campaigns. Her passion is cooking and she spends many hours cooking for friends and family. Kim manages to live a positive and active life despite fighting a long term and on-going battle with renal disease and other illnesses. She freely uses her gifts to help others. Her loving and giving spirit should inspire you to help enable her to continue to be a blessing to others for

many, many years!

Please visit www.kkfund.org for a list of fundraising efforts or to donate to this cause. For more detailed information, please contact: Mia at (919) 672-3863 or Kim at (252) 452-1583.



Mountain Memories Continued...

beautifully. He's a sweet young man. It's for this reason that the site rolled out in September rather than August – our anniversary month. But all things really do come to fruition in the fullness of time, so it's all good.

This month's issue of Au Naturel is chock full of information

ranging widely across the spectrum. A personal treat for me this month is an article written by my son. I like this article because it goes into the mind of a young man grappling with the realities of personal and spiritual development. I dedicate it to other mothers who may be facing challenges with

their growing sons. I probably should have saved it for a Mother's Day issue but it felt right to include it now. I hope all mothers reading it can receive encouragement and inspiration in their own right. The common thread that runs between all of this month's articles is loving and caring for ourselves and each other.

Navigating a Safe Pathway to Straightness

A lot of ladies have been asking about blow-outs and flat ironing so I feel compelled to add my thoughts for your general consideration. I provided some general tips for protecting your blow-out in the September 2010 issue of [Au Naturel](#). At this time, I want to focus on flat ironing as a practice. I'm interested in this topic because I see women come into our salon regularly who are experiencing the damaging effects of a flat iron service gone badly. In a word, these ladies left their blow-out salon with beautifully coifed, bouncing locks, only to discover that upon shampooing their hair, it failed to uniformly revert to its natural state. (More information about this phenomenon can be found in the [August 2007 issue of Au Naturel](#) in an article titled "To Revert or Not to Revert...That Is the Question.") All the same, I meet an ever-increasing number of women who experience this non-reversion condition and express the real regret "if only I knew."

Firstly, I want to say that non-reversion is not inevitable. It is quite possible to flat iron the hair without damaging it permanently. But, you honestly need to experiment a bit to discover the lowest temperature that gets the desired results that you like. Everyone's hair is different. So, it's impossible to say that any given temperature will be good for everyone. Some internet resources suggest as much but I would encourage caution on that score.

Secondly, I want to remind readers that natural hair takes time to grow. Proper care and nurturing of the hair to maintain your investment is an imperative. If you've worked so hard to get that banging 'fro, be careful how you treat the hair when you're considering style alternatives. One bad flat iron service can undo years of hard work literally in seconds. The effect can be the same as a relaxer service. The primary difference however is that a relaxer is typically uniformly applied so the hair has the same straightness all over the head. While with flat ironing, there is no uniformity to be had whatsoever because the heat is applied in small sections. So, what is often the case is that the sides of the hair can become bone strait due to over application of heat, while the back is a puffer texture. Almost invariably when I see this condition, I know that the flat ironing service was self-applied. When the straight hair is in the crown of the hair, it is almost without fail the result of a stylist or friend applying too much heat to the hair.

Thirdly, it's important to understand why you want straight hair. I used to straighten my hair because I thought I needed to for a successful job prospect. When I realized that this thinking was flawed and only fed into a wider social dysfunction, I stopped straightening altogether. While the straight look is beautiful and nice for a change, I personally find that the stress to my hair is not worth the "reward." If you feel that there is a reward to be had, then I encourage you to take the necessary time to research what works for your hair. The [attached link](#) is to a useful article by Del Sandeen which provides tips for flat ironing success. The only comment that I would disagree with is her comment about touch-ups. In the same way that she encourages you to only flat iron clean, well-conditioned hair that has a heat protectant, you should therefore not be touching-up the hair with the flat iron during the week. This practice encourages a "bending" of the same rules that were just stated which tends to lessen the significance of these tips altogether. Check out the article to learn more. Next month, I'll follow-up with part 2 of this article: Finding the right temp. setting for my hair.

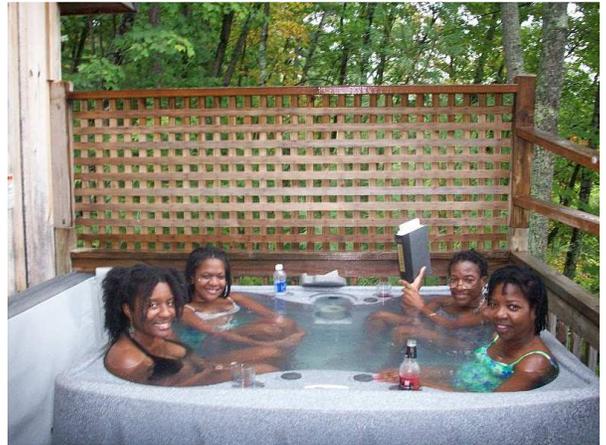


"This life is yours. Take the power to choose what you want to do and do it well. Take the power to love what you want in life and love it honestly. Take the power to walk in the forest and be a part of nature. Take the power to control your own life. No one else can do it for you. Take the power to make your life happy."

Susan Polis Schultz

(Re)Discovering the Pleasures of a (Mineral) Bath

When I reflect on the simple pleasures of life, I think the one that has had the most profound impact on my own spiritual well-being, outside of prayer and sleep, is a long, hot bath. It is something that many women take for granted but which is sorely missed when it is not available. I know because when I lived in Jamaica during the 90s, I was deprived of this simple pleasure for 7 long years. Sure, Jamaica's got plenty of water but a water heater is a rare commodity. So, you learn to take cold showers and feel satisfied. It was in Jamaica that I first discovered a mineral spring. The town where it is located, ironically enough is called Bath, St. Thomas. There, I experienced the wonder of steaming hot water rising out of the ground full of nourishing minerals and nutrients. I recall putting my feet in the water and having to extract them because of the intensity of the heat. I always thought I had a great tolerance for heat but that water was rising up out of the Earth! It was intense. I observed a few Rasta men closer to the source of the stream bathing and splashing their



bodies as if the water were lukewarm. Someone cautioned me not to go closer to the source because the water only gets hotter from where I was standing. That was a novel and enlightening experience that I enjoyed and will always remember because I knew that Nature is perfect in every way. Sometimes, we just have to take time to appreciate it.

The funny thing about my Jamaican experience was that I didn't realize how much the luxury of a hot bath meant to me until I walked into my current home. The real estate agent showed me different rooms, and I smiled and nodded. But when I saw the garden bathtub with the large picture window framing it, I was sold. I really didn't need to see much more of the house but, I did still like other features about the house. Through it all, my bathtub is still my favorite part of the house. It is uniquely my own. My sons don't use it, my husband doesn't use it. It's all mine. And I'm cool with that.

More recently, our girl's group experienced the luxury of a spa mineral bath while retreating in Hot Springs, NC. (I guess they always name the town after these nourishing water sources. Palm Springs, Florida is another example.) Meiko was a wonderful retreat coordinator who scheduled us for a group session on the Saturday afternoon of our stay. We had no idea what to expect. Thankfully, it rained before our session started. With water temperatures well over 100 degrees, it would've been excessive heat to bathe outdoors with the sun beaming down on top of you. Instead, there was a gentle breeze that blew through our outhouse while the rain pattered on the tin roof. It was divine! We bathed for about an hour. I really don't remember much conversation because I was just too present in the experience of it all. Afterwards, I had the most restful sleep that I remember in a long time. In fact, the next morning, someone in the group announced that more than half of our group was snoring in deep slumber. I said "Really? Who? Imagine my shock to see my roommate look at me with raised eyebrows as if to say, "Look no further than the mirror, my sister." "What? Me? Do I snore?" Yes, girl! You were on your stomach knocked out! I thought, 'That's crazy. Lloyd has never said anything about me snoring.' (Incidentally as soon as I got home, Lloyd and I exchanged greetings and then dove in to the primary thought in my mind: "Why didn't you tell me I snore?" His response was, "Oh Gosh! You must have been REALLY tired!" And that was that. Twenty years of marriage and this man has NEVER even commented on the fact that I SNORE!! That's crazy! But, he is a gentleman so he takes the whole package "as is" without a complaint. Amazing 'cause I would have said something LONG AGO!! Who could resist! ☺) Well, in a word, that's the power of a wonderful spa mineral bath. It takes out the toxins, the anxiety and the stress leaving you relaxed and whole! The photo above is not of our spa bath but of our creation of an equally wonderful experience the next morning in our cabin Jacuzzi. Since it was raining in this photo and the water was a steady 100 degrees, we bathed, laughed and enjoyed the experience of it all for about two hours before emerging from the bath, wrinkled and content.

So, what's a restful retreat got to do with you? In a word: Everything. Women are workers, nurturers and supports. Too often, we burn the candle at both ends and wonder why we feel drained and weary. I'm guilty as charged at times but I honestly don't know if I'd have it any other way. I guess I'm kind of weird like that but I honestly enjoy my life. All the same, rest is essential to the mind, body and soul. When I talk with other ladies about stresses and life challenges, I say "You should go home and take a nice, hot bath. They often seem indifferent to the notion, leaving me compelled to wonder if they're really present when they take one. So to anyone reading this article, I say, treat yourself. Go out and purchase some Dead Sea Salt, Dr. Bronner's (for bubbles), lavender oil and candles. Run the water to your preferred temperature, play your favorite CD and sink into the luxury of your own personal spa experience. Relax and enjoy. You deserve it. And if you're ever in Hot Springs, NC, be sure to have a mineral bath while in town. If you're traveling with friends, Tub #14 is the group tub so be sure to ask for it when you schedule your appointment. Some guests advise that wine and cheese is permitted at your discretion so you be the judge of that. But in all, you'll be glad you did.



Motherhood and the Cycle of Life

Regular readers of Au Naturel are surely aware that August represented a major milestone for my family, as we experienced an *empty nest* all at once. What some may find more interesting is that I have not had any of the withdrawal effects of "Empty Nest Syndrome." Sure, I cried when I dropped Jamar (lower picture-No, he doesn't wear glasses! ☺) at school and when I returned home that evening hearing a house full of young men (hanging out to wish my eldest son "farewell") and realizing the noticeable absence of one voice timbre. I just went to bed and grappled with my feelings in the world of dreams. And THAT WAS THAT! I've been straight ever since! Sure, I call them every few days to check-in but they really are charged to forge their own path now. So, when I reflected on this first month away for them, I was intrigued at the commonalities of their personal life choices which are coming to the fore. Through this very brief hiatus, I've concluded that these boys really and truly are my own. Duhhh! Right? Well, it's more about context. Here's why:

On the afternoon of Sept. 14th, my eldest Jela-ni (upper photo) calls. "Hey, Madre. What's up?" (Since he got back from Puerto Rico after a tour with the Architectural Technology club at Wake Tech, I'm "Madre." "Mommy" is now history for him.) We exchanged general pleasantries and then he said, "Guess what I did today?" What of course was the logical response. He followed, "I went sailing!" I matched his enthusiasm and said, "Really?!" My mind suddenly lapsed backwards in time by about 30 years. For two straight summers, my brother and I took sailing lessons on the Chesapeake Bay. Those were some of the most entertaining summers that I remember ever. So to hear my son express genuine interest in the sport was nice. He followed, "Can I join the Sailing Team?" "Sure Jela-ni, that sounds like fun." Incidentally, Jamar would never have asked. He'd just inform...MAYBE. ☺ He then explained that he was

joining JV as he already has projects due in Architecture so he didn't want to overcommit. I appreciated his careful consideration of his core mission and then he followed: "They also have fencing. I want to take that too." I responded, "Jela-ni that's what college is about. Enjoy your life." I could hear his smile as he said, "Cool," exchanged a few more pleasantries and signed out.

Overall, I was delighted when Jela-ni applied to and was accepted to Hampton University. Hampton, Virginia (and Fort Monroe where I actually lived) is my stomping ground. That's where I "came of age." I attended middle and high school there. It's where I discovered the beauty of natural hair while also learning that people's opinions of you are as insignificant as a pebble dropped in the sea, where I learned that excellence is a factor of my own doing, where I grew from a shy introvert into a somewhat comfortable public speaker, and where I developed a healthy love and respect for Nature in general and the ocean in particular. It's also where my prankster brother pushed me off of the Fort Monroe pier, where I was first stung by jelly-fish and where I learned how to crab responsibly. (That means how to eat all the crab you want without depleting the population.) In all, I have very fond memories of Hampton, VA. So to see my son making a home of this beautiful city with my Dad a stone's throw away, I feel that he's in a good place in his life. I love that he's there. And the cycle continues.

(Fast forward one week-Sept 21st) I receive an email from Jamar asking me to review his first English composition. He wants it to be really good. So, I read it and was honestly impressed. So much so, that I asked his permission to reprint it here. [This essay "God's Son" is dedicated to all mothers raising young Black men in America.](#) This paper took me back to a time in our family history when I really and truly thought that my son and I would have to part ways. His attitude had become one that made me want to hurt him--badly. It was indeed a time! But we got through it. In fact on the day that Jamar graduated from Millbrook High School with college on the horizon, I was ecstatic! I restrained the desire to dance for joy! Instead, I clapped my hands, paced the aisle, looked to Heaven and repeated over and over, "Thank you, Lord. I'm still alive." My girlfriend joked that she thought I was going to be *slain in the Spirit* on the floor of the Raleigh Convention Center! ☺ It was one of the happiest moments of my life! When I read his essay, I see my own spirit with a male perspective and a unique experience. How did he learn to write and think so much like me?! Amazing and kind of scary. Jamar's career aspiration is to be *in his words*, "a defense attorney, a philosopher, or a theologian...or maybe all of them...although, philosopher is probably the coolest!" I asked, what do you want to know? He said, "Everything." I smiled as the cycle continues. That was just how I felt about knowledge some 20 years ago. These days, I just want to know where my bed is at the end of a day and how long I get to stay in it. ☺ So to the Mothers, I present this essay as a ray of hope to those who may be struggling through similar growth challenges with their sons. Know that you are not alone. There is hope. The time for prayer is ongoing. But through it all, be diligent, patient and compassionate. And THAT is surely easier said than done.

God's Son by Jamar Akil McCarthy

During the 2007-2008 school year, I found myself in a turbulent and, as I would later learn, pivotal period of my life. I was entering the tricky stages of adolescence as a 13 year old freshman in high school. I was learning to cope with your standard issue developmental problems, such as acne and growth spurts. At the same time, I was beginning to truly understand the struggles that come with being a young black male. At this point, I was still a trumpet player in the Southeast Raleigh Marching Bulldogs Band, where I acquired a great appreciation for music. In 2007, my favorite musical artist was Lupe Fiasco. I admired his conscious and political style that was paired with outstanding lyrical ability. My increasing appreciation for music and my ties with "Fiasco Lu" led me to the text that eventually redefined me. This text was Nas' "God's Son."

I had always been aware of Nas as a presence in hip-hop, but didn't really follow him until my search for lyricists with deep messages brought me back to him as the source. All of Nas' albums affected me in one way or another, but "God's Son" struck a chord with my very soul. Almost every song on the album contained detail of something I could personally relate to. I felt like this album was indirectly written for me. I felt that although we had

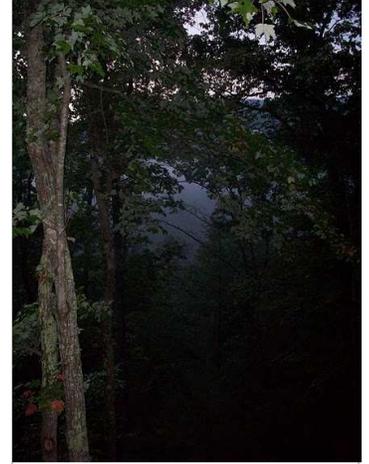
never met, Nas and I were on the same wavelength. A good example of this is the fact that it was Nas' most introspective and personal album and like me, Nas was going through a rough patch when he wrote it. This album was written shortly after the death of his mother.

The first track on the album, entitled "Get Down," is easily my favorite. In this song, Nas narrates some of the rougher parts of life in the ghetto, not always as a participant, but rather what I would call a "street observer." Personally I had never lived in the ghetto, but Southeast Raleigh Magnet High School was certainly located there. However not being from the area did not omit me from the "hood" experience. I witnessed drug deals, fights—many of which I was involved in, attacks and all the rest of the world's ailments. At this time, I was also falsely identified as a person with gang affiliations. This made "Get Down" all the more personal for me. Not because it glorified this culture, but that it demanded that a change be made, as stated in the quote "A shame when you really look at it my folk against yo' folk, but we all kinfolk, somebody gotta make a change."

My experience with mistaken identity fed into my relation with the next song on the album, "The Cross," where Nas talks

about being persecuted by his peers for his differences, while fighting conformity and the effects of his environment, the music industry, struggling to maintain his identity as an artist and dealing with the burden, or "carrying his cross." If there was an anthem for my first year of high school, this was it; as I struggled to ensure that the things I had experienced each day on Raleigh's Southside did not alter me as a person. Rather, it was my hope that they improve me rather than change me for the worse. In a sense, this song heightened my awareness that just because I was in it, didn't mean I had to be of it.

This epiphany correlates with one of the later songs on the album, "I Can." In this song, Nas paints several pictures of young African Americans who were talented, with goals and dreams, but they didn't all accomplish them because they had forgotten what made them and where they came from, which hindered them from self-actualization. However, the tone of this song is not a sad one, rather a hopeful one, promoting hard work and determination, as the words recited in the chorus read "I know I can be what I wanna be, if I work hard at it I'll be where I wanna be." The effect that this song had on me was quite possibly the strongest, as it pushed and motivated me to know that it was my job to make something of myself. This was an important realization, as my grades had drastically dropped throughout my freshman year.



***"Faith is the bird that feels
the light and sings when
the dawn is still dark."***

Rabindranath Tagore

"If you look closely at a tree you'll notice it's knots and dead branches, just like our bodies. What we learn is that beauty and imperfection go together wonderfully."

Matthew Fox



God's Son Continued...

The stress of my environment and my increasing lack of discipline had taken their toll and I went as far as failing my first class that year. This song was the inspiration for my eventual turn around during my following years of schooling.

In addition to shaping my adolescent mind during my ninth grade year of high school, "God's Son" inspired me to pursue my talents and utilize my writing abilities. For as long as I can remember, I've had a very good grasp on all forms of literature. In the fifth grade, I set the reading record for my class with a ninth grade reading level, and I had always been told I was a great creative writer. However, I rarely used my writing abilities recreationally. The more I listened to Nas' "God's Son," as well as other rap albums, the more I wanted to write and record my own experiences. I started off writing poetry after repeatedly consuming the lyricism displayed in Nas' "Book of Rhymes." In this song, Nas recounts previous unpublished works and personal experiences as a rapper. As he reviews his rhyme book and criticizes his old recordings, he notes his prior ignorance and acknowledges his growth as an artist and a person. These criticisms develop the subliminal message of personal growth and mental development. I personally admired this self-critique and sought to improve my writing ability through prose. "Book of Rhymes" assisted in my development as a writer and a person, which led to my interest in writing poetry, and directed me to my current destination as

a recreational rapper. Like Nas, I was beginning to acknowledge my development mentally and my improvements, as a writer. All of which, in turn, helped improve my literacy and my grades.

Pursuing the effects of this text further, the 14th song on the "God's Son" album, titled "Heaven," speaks theoretically on the way people might behave if Heaven was a physical presence on Earth, as if it were "just a mile away." In this record, Nas harps on the corruption of self-proclaimed religious men, sinners and nonbelievers. This hypothetical scenario really helped me to put my views and actions in perspective, as this was also a time in my life of religious uncertainty. What I appreciated about the song was that although it had religious connotations, Nas wasn't using them to impose beliefs, rather to provoke thought through a concept that most common people have a grasp of. I also liked that in the outro of this song, Nas emphasizes this: "I'm talking about Heaven in your own heart, in your own world baby, in your own existence." This helped me to learn to appreciate life as a whole. Also to remain conscious that I should act as if, and remember that among all of my actions, God is present, which increased my spiritual awareness.

In conclusion, I feel that "God's Son" is the most progressive and personally relevant album by Nas, contrary to the beliefs of the album's critics. This

album emphasized self-actualization, spiritual awareness, focus and determination, as well as mental maturation. All of these qualities were things I needed during my freshman year, which was easily the most troubled one year period of my life.

Note from Schatzi: As they say, there are two sides to every story. Reading this essay reminds me that seeing the world from our own perspective is quite limiting. I feel privileged to have these insights into Jamar's mind at that time because he surely wasn't saying anything that I wanted to hear at that time. Or maybe I just wasn't listening.... Despite Jamar's reluctance to leave the Marching Band of his dreams, he was placed in Millbrook High with his brother for his sophomore year. The change in him was almost immediate. I recall him coming to me after some weeks at Millbrook and saying, "Mommy, you know how I didn't want to leave Southeast and you and Daddy insisted. Well, you were right." Those words meant a lot because I knew at that moment that he was going to be okay. And he is. So, I thank God for inspiring Nas to write "God's Son" for my son and for many other sons, who seem to listen most attentively to one of their own. May they all hear and remember the lessons that Moms and Dads have been teaching all along through the spoken word, though perhaps not as eloquently.

My people, my people, you picked the wrong one...

This introduction is a companion piece to the article below reprinted from cbsnews.com. The story is of a beautiful natural sister named Isis Brantley who was very unceremoniously searched at the Atlanta airport recently. Her story was highlighted on the Tom Joyner Morning Show on Sept. 27th. I'm compelled to reprint this story because it is information that all natural women should have about the inherent perceptions of the wider society re: natural hair. But, I'm more deeply moved because I know about this woman. She is the cousin of a dear friend of my husband. Early this year, my husband gave me a business card from Isis with an open invitation that we should meet the next time she's here in Raleigh. I looked up

her website, read thoroughly and concluded that she's someone I would like to know. She is an activist and a pioneer. Back in 1995, she took on the State of Texas and won!! I knew I liked her already, as that is surely no small feat.

Now, fast forward to August 2011, Malaika Cooper, pioneer in her own right, invites me to attend the Fort Hood, TX Natural Hair Care Expo to be co-sponsored by Isis, as well as others. While I had a strong desire to meet Isis and participate in the forum, I respectfully declined, though agreeing to participate in the Georgia Expo. Imagine my surprise to hear a co-worker recount this news story only

to see the image of the same Isis Brantley in front of me. In a private email to Malaika, I said "I'm almost sorry I won't be coming to TX. [In light of all that's going on], it's going to be LIVE!" She re-extended the invitation which I again considered. But, I had to be honest with myself. I responded to my sister that while I would love to come, "My soul has no desire to see Texas in this lifetime or the next." Though stranger things have happened! But if any of our readers will be in the area on Nov. 20, 2011 (or if you know of someone who will), I encourage you to check out this event. It promises to be lively and informative! To Isis, I say, "My sister, we have a date with destiny." I so look forward to it! Schatzi

Woman: Airport search of my Afro was humiliating Reprint of article posted on cbsnews.com

September 22, 2011 (CBS/AP)

DALLAS - A Dallas hairstylist says security officers at Atlanta's airport humiliated her when they subjected her large Afro hairstyle to a search in open view of other arriving passengers.

Isis Brantley says she was headed down an escalator at Hartsfield-Jackson International Airport, after she was screened at the initial security checkpoint, when two TSA agents came after her asking to check her hair for explosives, according to [the website of CBS station KTVT-TV in Dallas](#).

Brantley says the agents

began patting down her large Afro in public as she waited on a train platform.

She claims she was embarrassed and couldn't understand why they checked her again after her initial security screening. Brantley says she couldn't believe it was happening to her.

She says she wouldn't have minded if the TSA did the hair pat-down at the security checkpoint. It was the public display that upset her.

Brantley tells The Dallas Morning News the search in full public view brought her to tears.

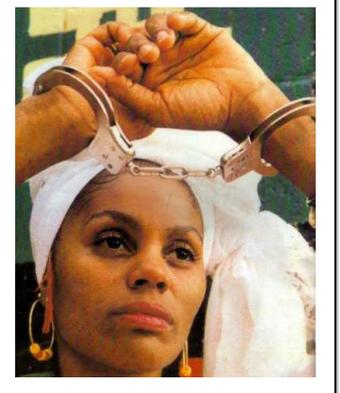
In a statement to the newspaper, the Transportation Security Administration said Brantley left a checkpoint at Hartsfield-Jackson International Airport before security could complete her screening. That prompted a security officer to refer her for further screening.

TSA says a private screening was offered and refused, but Brantley denies that. She says she doesn't mind being searched, as long as it's done respectfully.

She adds nothing like that has ever happened to her in the 20 years she's had the natural hairstyle.



Isis Brantley, Natural Hairstylist and Pioneer
Photos borrowed from www.naturallyisis.com.
The picture below is from her arrest in the 90s.



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Embrace the Beauty of You.



Mother/Daughter Monday's Special

Throughout the month of October, we're offering a Mother/Daughter Mondays special. This deal comes just in time for all of the homecoming activities, fall festivals and recitals that you are slated to attend this pre-holiday season. Details of this special are as follows:

Get 2 for the price of 1!

Mother & Child (10 & under) - \$80.00

Mother & Teen (11-18) - \$85.00

Mother & Daughter (over 18) - \$90.00

This special is good for any

natural hairstyle that is part of our regular menu of services. Please be advised that this special does not include extension hair services or add-on treatments, like trims, deep conditioning or hot oil treatments. For more details, please contact Etheopea, our receptionist, at (919) 844-1933. See you on Monday!

About Our Organization

Schatzi's is a natural hair and personal care salon with a warm and nurturing ambiance for clients to "Embrace the Beauty of You." Schatzi's is located in the Park on Millbrook Condominium complex, near the intersection of Six Forks and Millbrook Rds.

Schatzi's design gallery provides services that nurture natural hair with talented stylists who are happy to guide you through and beyond the naturalization process. Our two-floor art gallery is provided courtesy of local artist Jasmine Hawthorne.

Au Naturel newsletter, an essential part of our information sharing services, is a wondrous labor of love that is a joy to create and a gift to you our valued clients and to the public at large.

SCHATZI'S
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